LATE
TAXI
MILK
X-RAY VISION
18th

Thank You
Hope U
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ME
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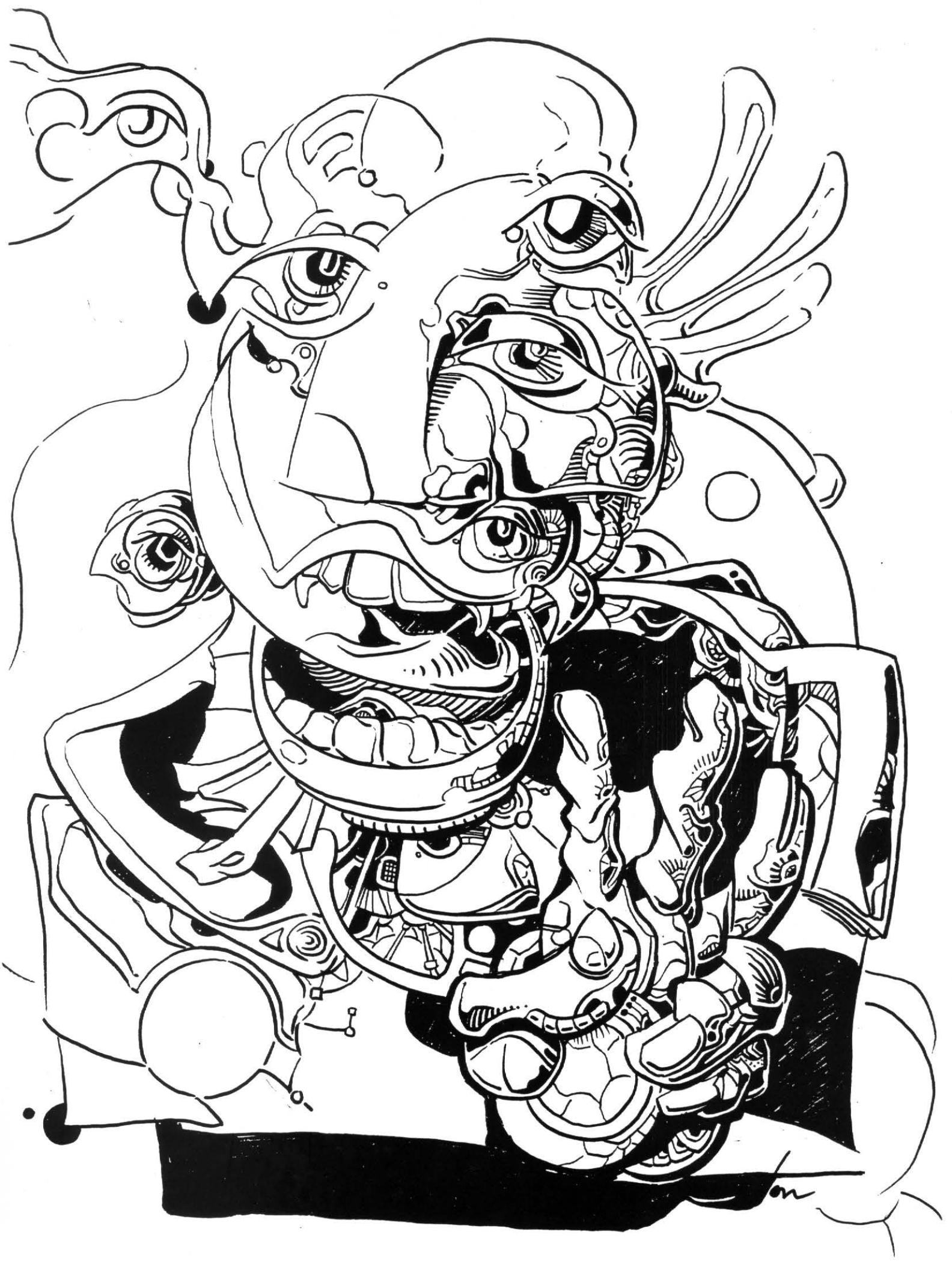
ext
ssue:
Excape
from the
Jugol.
THANK YOU
HOPE U HADDA
GOOD TYM
YEY
ANd it WUZ GOOD!!
come back soon!
MA

this isn't some wimpy "alternative" magazine"!
Mr. Verlin's
ZONO COMIX
Volume 13
UNDERGROUND
COMIX
UNDERGROUND
COMIX

Careful when you go out Tonite, there's....
...CHILDREN at PLAY
family safe?
THEY'RE PLAYIN' COPS 'N' ROBBERS !!
goo goo!
An Old Game...
YAL NEVA TAKE ME ALIVE!
THEY'RE ON TV EVERY NITE...
STAY TUNED for big baby CRIME DRAMA!
Hill Street Goo-Goos
Dirty Harry's onnat 8.
iT's a SpecTaTor's GAME!
GOIN' 2 INNA 1 ZONE...
YER $ yer DED!
HURRY! I GOTTA POTTY!
HELP!
It's a NeVer ending GAME...
"id say more but..."
I'D say more but THey Might be Listening...
"they might be listening..."
'N' theY'LL Let U PLAY tOO!!
oW Much You got? The less You got, The more THEY take!
—MR. verLIN '84



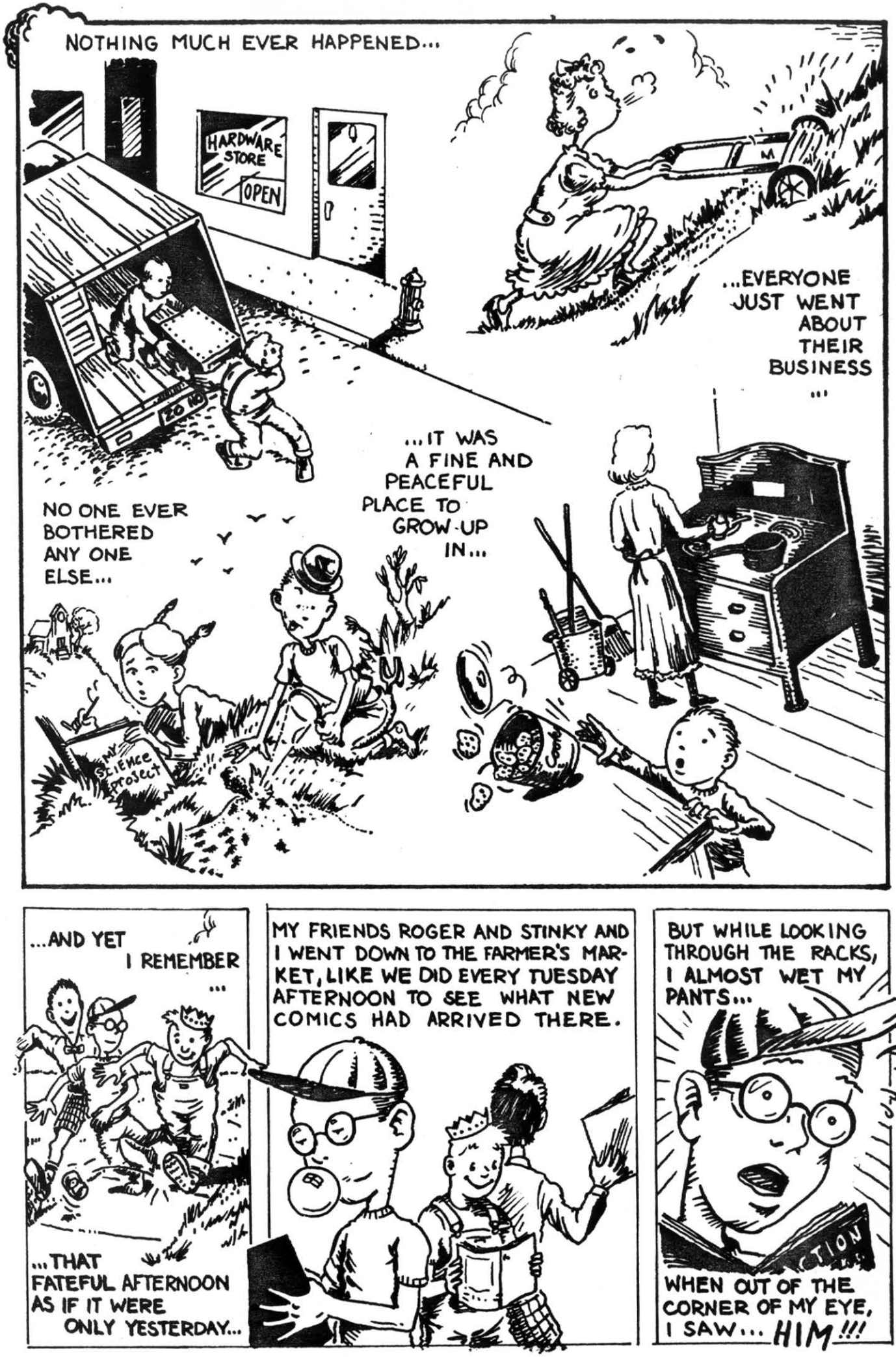
EXISTENTIAL TALES FROM THE BARGAIN BASEMENT OF REASON ....

SCRIPT: MARK HADEN FRAZER ART: MR VERLIN EDITING: MORGAN MUNRO

UNCONVENTIONAL PERSPECTIVES FROM RATHER MUNDANE ORIGINS

IT IS NEARLY THE END OF SUMMER AS I APPROACH THE TWILIGHT OF MY EXISTENCE...
...AND AS I TAKE A BREAK FROM PONDERING THE NUMEROUS MYSTERIES OF LIFE...
...FROM MEDITATING ON DARK AND ESOTERIC PHILOSOPHIES, I RECALL...
...THE EVENTS THAT STARTED ME ON THIS QUEST FOR ULTIMATE KNOWLEDGE...
...HOW IT ALL BEGAN ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON VERY MUCH LIKE TODAY, EXCEPT THAT I WAS MUCH YOUNGER OF COURSE...
MR. VERLIN
SCIENCE/MAGIC
FORGOTTEN TRUTH
ALCHEMY
ZOMBIE SECRETS

I GREW UP IN A TYPICAL SMALL TOWN SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHERN WISCONSIN... THE NAME OF THE TOWN DOESN'T MATTER, YOU WOULDN'T RECOGNISE IT, ANYWAY.
BARBER SHOP


NOTHING MUCH EVER HAPPENED...
HARDWARE STORE
OPEN
...EVERYONE JUST WENT ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS ...
...IT WAS A FINE AND PEACEFUL PLACE TO GROW-UP IN...
NO ONE EVER BOTHERED ANY ONE ELSE...
MY SCIENCE PROJECT
...AND YET I REMEMBER ...
...THAT FATEFUL AFTERNOON AS IF IT WERE ONLY YESTERDAY...
MY FRIENDS ROGER AND STINKY AND I WENT DOWN TO THE FARMER'S MARKET, LIKE WE DID EVERY TUESDAY AFTERNOON TO SEE WHAT NEW COMICS HAD ARRIVED THERE.
BUT WHILE LOOKING THROUGH THE RACKS, I ALMOST WET MY PANTS...
WHEN OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE, I SAW... HIM!!!

ISAIAH WORMWOOD !!!

IF EVERY TOWN HAS IT'S MYSTERIOUS RESIDENT, IT'S CRAZY HERMIT WHOM EVERYONE FEARS AND AVOIDS, THEN ISAIAH WORMWOOD WAS OURS !!!

THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME WE HAD EVER SEEN ISAIAH WORMWORD UP SO CLOSE...

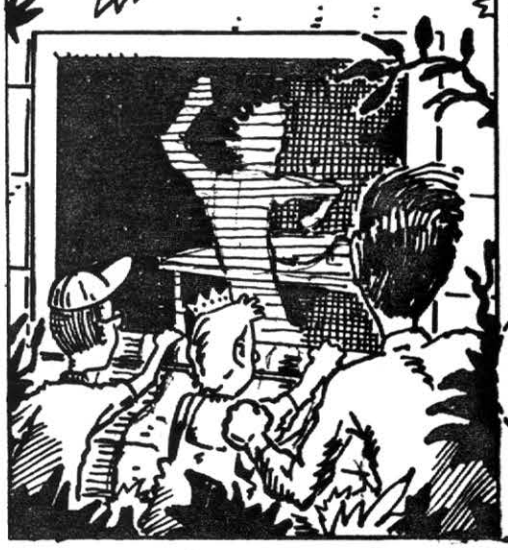
AND WE ALMOST THREW UP WHEN WE SAW WHAT HE WAS BUYING !!!

ONE STRIP OF LIVER, A CAN OF SPLIT PEA SOUP, A SMALL PACKAGE OF STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM, A JAR OF HOT MUSTARD, AND (PERHAPS TO WASH IT ALL DOWN WITH), A BOTTLE OF BLUE, EXTRA-STRENGTH COUGH MEDICINE!

AFTER ISAIAH LEFT THE STORE, I SUGGESTED TO ROGER AND STINKY THAT WE FOLLOW HIM, TO SEE WHAT HE DID IN THAT SPOOKY OLD HOUSE THAT HE LIVED IN...

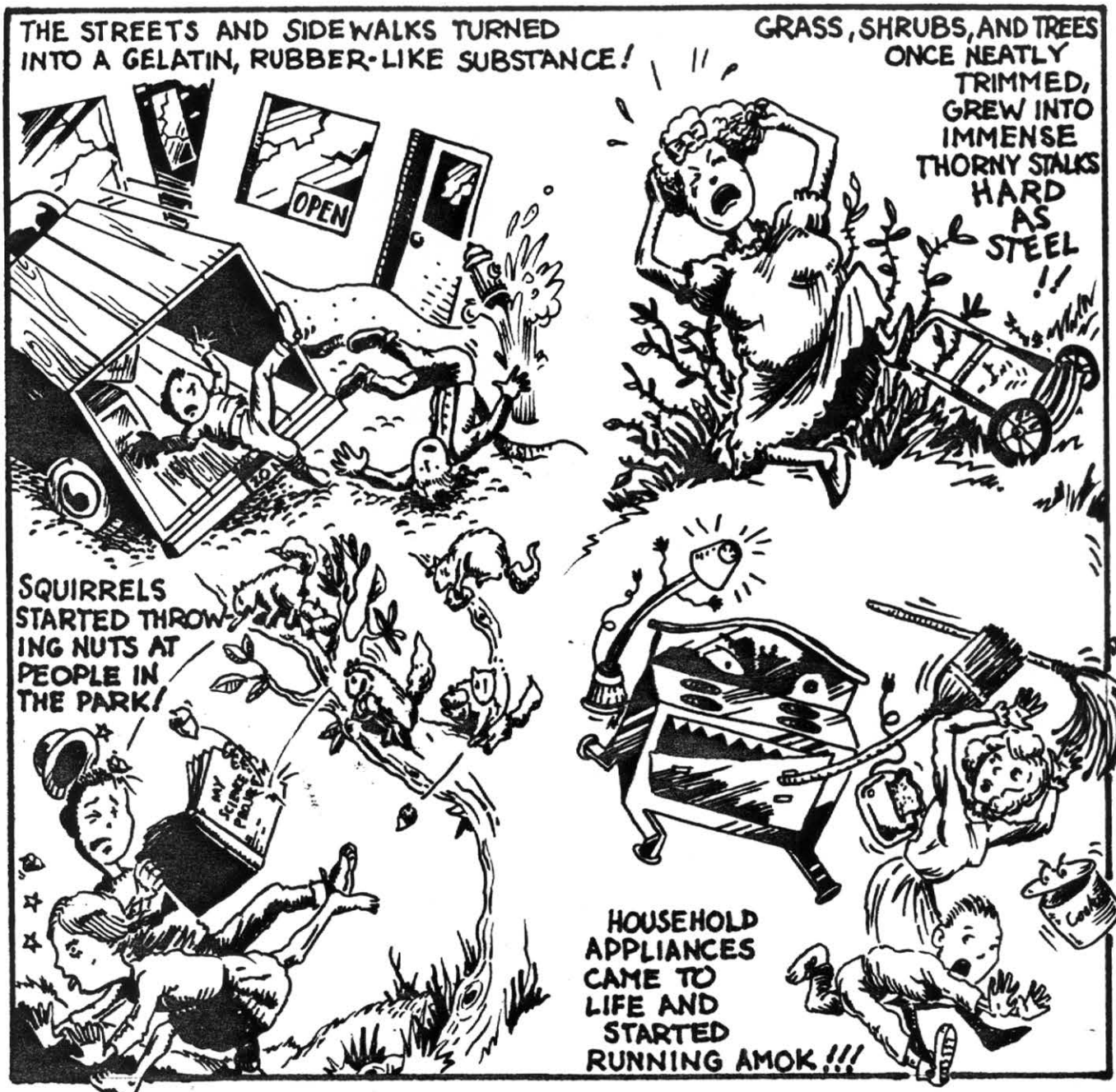
I DON'T KNOW WHAT PROMPTED ME TO DO THIS, BUT AFTER A MINUTE OR TWO, I FINALLY MANAGED TO TALK THEM INTO IT.

SO FAR, SO GOOD, I THOUGHT. NOW IF WE CAN ONLY HANG ON TO OUR NERVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE WHAT ISAIAH DOES ALL ALONE, EVERY DAY...

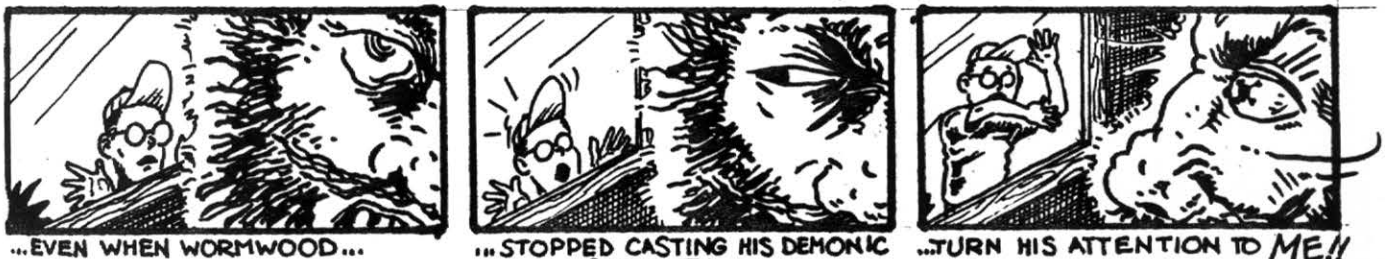


WE COULDN'T BELEIVE OUR EYES!

SMUSH SLUSH SQUISH
GLUG!!
HE DID EAT IT! BUT THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT HAPPENED NEXT...
RRR
WURRRRR
I DIDN'T EVEN REALISE THAT ROGER AND STINKY RAN OFF! I WAS MESMERISED BY THIS CRAZY OLD BASTARD, SCREAMING LIKE A BANSHEE, AND GLOWING LIKE A FLOURESCENT LIGHT!
AND SUDDENLY, WEIRD THINGS BEGAN HAPPENING ALL OVER TOWN:
STRANGE, DARK CLOUDS, FORMING UNUSUAL SHAPES, CAME IN FROM THE EAST AND BEGAN GATHERING OVERHEAD!
EWSCRAY OUYAY!!
I ON'TDAY ANTWAY ATTHAY OPSLAY!!
Fido
...DOGS BEGAN SPEAKING IN TONGUES...

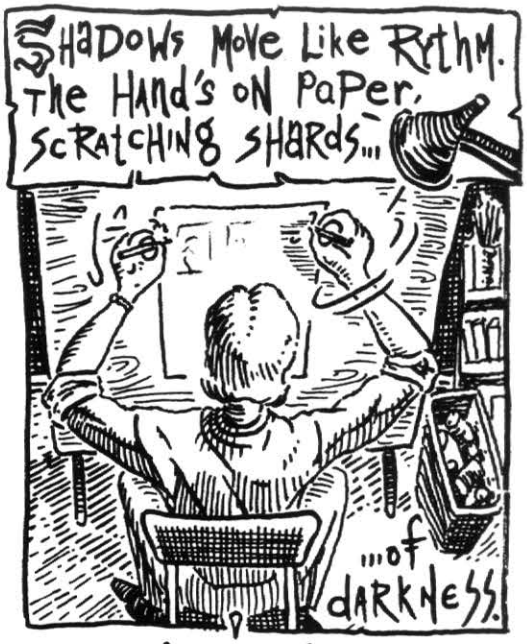

THE STREETS AND SIDEWALKS TURNED INTO A GELATIN, RUBBER-LIKE SUBSTANCE!
OPEN
GRASS, SHRUBS, AND TREES ONCE NEATLY TRIMMED, GREW INTO IMMENSE THORNY STALKS HARD AS STEEL !!
SQUIRRELS STARTED THROWING NUTS AT PEOPLE IN THE PARK!
HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES CAME TO LIFE AND STARTED RUNNING AMOK!!!

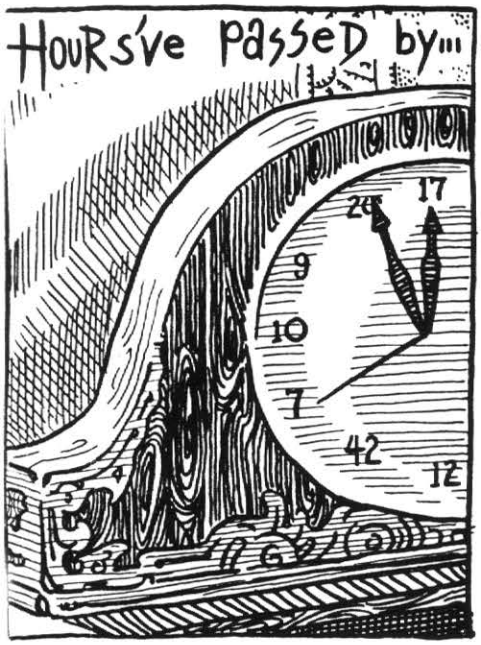
AND EVEN THE TOWNSPEOPLE THEMSELVES BEGAN TO...CHANGE!!!
AND ALTHOUGH I COULD SENSE ALL THIS CHAOS GOING ON AROUND ME, I WAS TOO SCARED TO MOVE!


...EVEN WHEN WORMWOOD...
...STOPPED CASTING HIS DEMONIC SPELL TO....
...TURN HIS ATTENTION TO ME!!

THEN SUDDENLY BEFORE HE COULD DEAL WITH ME, HE WAS CONSUMED BY A BOLT OF BLACK BRILLIANCE!!!
AEEIII
I HAVE NO IDEA IF SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH HIS INCANTATION, OR IF I WAS SAVED BY SOME OTHER POWER WATCHING OVER ME....
...BUT IN AN INSTANT ...
IT WAS OVER ...
AND EVERYTHING RETURNED TO NORMAL ...
BARBER SHOP
...AND AFTER A TIME, LIFE IN MY HOMETOWN WENT ON AS USUAL...
AH, BUT THAT WAS SO LONG AGO AND SO FAR AWAY...
DESPITE THE WEALTH AND POWER I'VE GAINED SINCE THEN, ONLY TWO THINGS ON THIS EARTH, AM I ABSOLUTELY SURE ABOUT....
THE FIRST THING IS: NO MATTER HOW MUCH KNOWLEDGE I ACQUIRE, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO WEILD ULTIMATE POWER...
glup
drip
I WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO ACHIEVE OMNIPOTENCE ... EVEN IF I WERE TO STUDY FOR A THOUSAND LIFETIMES!
... AND THE SECOND THING?
...
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...
...THIS STUFF STILL TASTES LIKE SHIT!!
THE End

Time


Shadows move like rhythm.
The hand's on paper.
Scratching shards...
...of darkness.


Hours've passed by...

The face at the window...
...ticks like flowers against the pane.

Time as the lightbulb shines between shadows.
dark fractures.

Pencil marks lie like burnt remains of hours.
(yet move in the space of white...)

The face at the window appears at the end of sentences,
just another period.

BUT THEN...
IT JUST DIDN'T...
THEN HE...
AND SO...
AND NOW !!!

AND SO...
BUT...

WHEW! NEVER MIND... IT WAS JUST A SPACE/ TIME WARP...

WE WERE LUCKY THAT TIME !!!

IT COULD HAVE BEEN...
MUCH WORSE!!
Polly Polly Dunky Do

•DESPITE CITIES **CROWDED WITH TRAFFIC** WHERE YOU CAN **NEVER** FIND **PARKING** FOR A FULL-SIZE VEHICLE...

•DESPITE OUR NEED FOR VEHICLES THAT USE **LESS FORIEGN OIL**...

•DESPITE THE **VOTERS WISHES** IN THE PAST...

CALIFORNIA GOVENOR **Pete Wilson** HAS **SHACKLED** RIDERS WITH **A BALL AND CHAIN!!**

Why the HELMET LAW is DANGEROUS

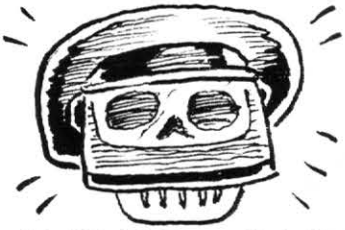
by: Mr. Verlin's ZONO

BUT EVEN FOR SAFE DRIVERS

IN SUMMER, **SWEAT** GETS **IN YOUR EYES.** HELMETS RESTRICT **PERIPHIAL VISION** AND **MUTES SOUND**...

IT'S MUCH **BETTER** TO BE ABLE TO **SEE** AND **HEAR**, **AVOIDING** ACCIDENTS, RATHER THAN SLIGHTLY MORE PROTECTED IN CASE OF ONE.

ALMOST **NONE** OF THEM ARE **MADE IN THE U.S.A.**, BECAUSE MANUFACTURERS DON'T WANT TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM **NOT** DOING THE JOB...



THEY ARE **EXPENSIVE** AND **EASILY STOLEN** WHEN HOOKED ON YOUR CYCLE-**TEMPTATION** FOR **CROOKS!**

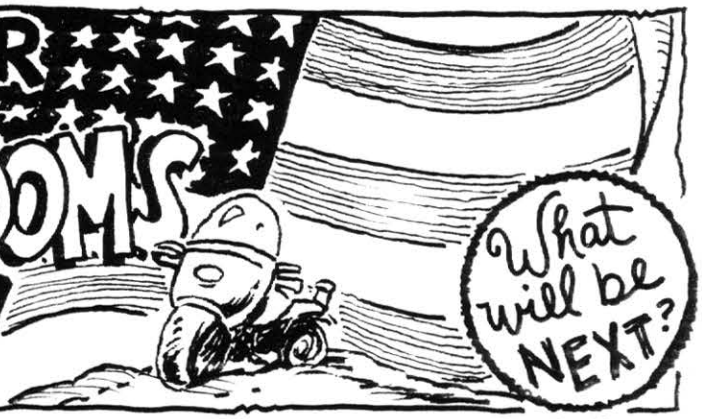
HELMETS = MORE CRIME

BUT A BURDEN TO CARRY WITH YOU.

AND WHAT OF THE CLAIM IT COSTS TAXPAYERS MONEY FOR THE UNINSURED INJURED? IS IT ANYWHERE NEAR AUTOMOBILE COSTS? ISN'T THE REAL PROBLEM **$ HIGH INSURANCE COSTS ??**

BUT THE **BIGGEST DANGER** HAS TO BE THAT YET ANOTHER OF

OUR INDIVIDUAL FREEDOMS HAS BEEN STOLEN!!



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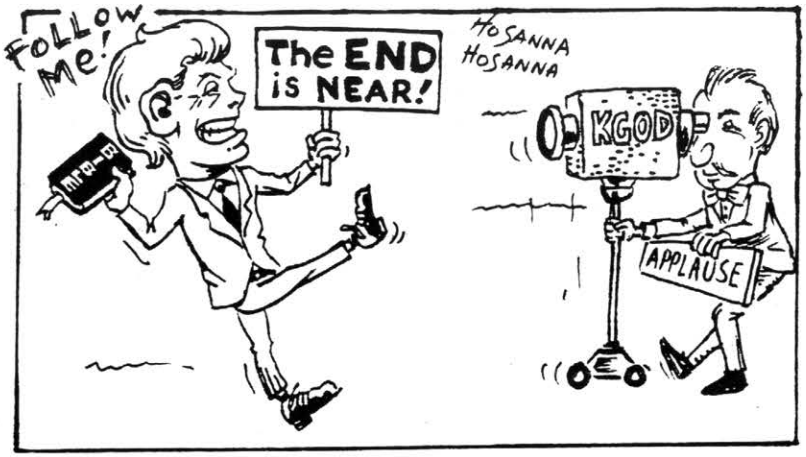
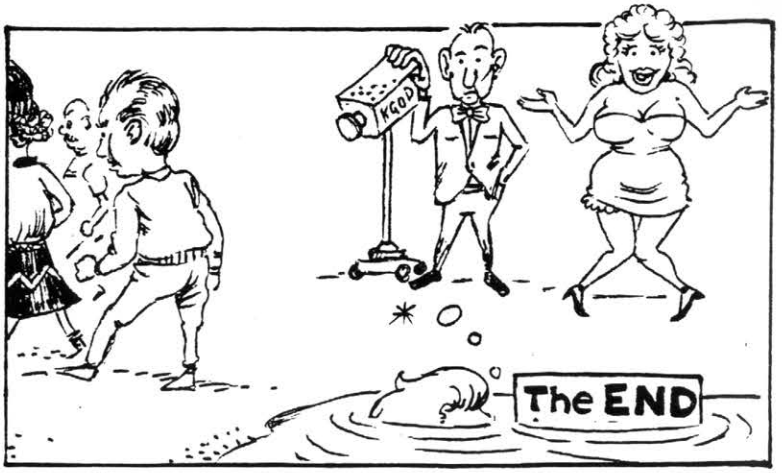
FRENCH Kiss

Mr. Verlin's Comix

"TELEVANGELIST"





Z

Mr. Verlin, he's got B.O.!
he's terribly DEFORMED
'n' his BREATH'S OBSCENE.
BUT, Mr. Verlin is productive,
YOU KNOW—
He draws the WORST comix
that you've EVER Seen!

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LIFE'S LITTLE PROBLEMS—THEY JUST SEEM TO CREEP UP ON YOU
CAN'T SEEM TO BEAT 'EM
A STY LITTLE BUGER
THEY CAN REALLY GET YOU DOWN